

Evening.

Midnight, hence and 'pray' see, night is
the planet dawns to pierce the clouds
and the sun,
that now veils the hills—ah! faint,
where are they;
and the distant wheel rolls through
the shadows. Listen!

All is at home, and where the
bright winds shake out the
leaf.

Midnight, opening forth night's realm the
stars that hideth.

Midnight orb declare where each in
night abideth;

Midnight fringes red in western skies
days—

Midnight in the shade, the night of waves
is showing;

Midnight, hedge, and wood, all indistinct
or crowning;

Midnight the traveller misleads him of the
way.

The day for evil is, for weariness and anger.
Pray for the night is here serene in calm
and languor!

The shepherd old, the winds through
ramous towers that sweep,
The waterspouts, the flocks, with hoarse and
broken bleating.

All suffer, all complain. The land at length
is treating

Hot long fatigue to love, to worship and
to sleep.

And souls at this hour unfold to babes their
treasures,

The while we haste away to seek our empty
pleasures.

And little children now, with eyes upturned
above,

Barred feet and folded hands, upon the pave-
ment praying.

All at this same hour, one selfsame pray-
er are saying;

Pray God forgive our sins—"our Father,"

God of love!

VICTOR HUGO.

Hope.

Hope, child! tomorrow! Hope! and then
again tomorrow,

And then tomorrow still! Trust in a fu-
ture day.

Hope! and each morn that skies new light
from dawn shall borrow;

As God is there to bless, let us be there to
pray.

Our faults, poor angel mine, are cause of our
affection,

Perhaps if on our knees we rest incessant
this,

When on the innocent God pours his bene-
diction,

And the repentant, last he will remember

VICTOR HUGO.

LITERARY NOTES.

WORDSWORTH'S SHORT-COMING.—That his silence on not a few of the themes which have been in the case of others most fertile of poetry was the result of a want, not of a deliberate abstinen-
ce, is hardly to be doubted. The criticism of Hazlitt—a criticism often random and ill-aimed, but which, when it does strike home, always pierces to the joints and marrow—is heavy upon him here. "In Wordsworth there is a total disunion and divorce of the faculties of the mind from those of the body." This is very strong, but it is hardly too strong. No doubt this spiritual celibacy and asceticism has produced a kind of prophetic strain of contemplation and meditative rapture. But, somehow or other, some the strings of the lyre seem to have been cut away, and one hand of the combatant seems to be tied behind him. The defeat is not one of simple negation, but in the strict logical sense of privation. It is illegitimate, doubtless, to find fault with a poet merely for not being something other than what he is. But here the question is whether he is or is not destined of something which he ought to have. Mr. Myers has occa-
sionally approached this curious and interesting subject, but he has never fully dealt with it, and it is indeed generally shirked by all panegyrists of Wordsworth, from De Quincey down. But no criticism which does not face it can be said to face the whole subject fully; and we have a right to demand that criticism shall do that. "Of the famous triad of epithets, 'simple' is the only one that suits the poetry of Wordsworth as a whole. It is sometimes passionate, but only with the passion of contemplative rapture. That this is a possible means of attaining the poetical tem-
perament is certain, but it is an arduous one. Employment; and the comparative rarity with which Wordsworth himself uses it, successfully, is the best proof of this."—[The Saturday Review.]

A Rockland household was made proud and happy by the introduction of a cabinet organ. The mother could play a little, and there was a "popular collection of music" included in the purchase; she lost no time in getting every note and stop into practice. The organ groaned, and wheezed, and complained, with the most astonishing mimicry, night and day, day and night, for a week. Then one morning there was a knock at the door, and a little girl from the next house shrilly said: "Please marm, mother wants to know if you won't lend her your music book?" This was a surprising request, inasmuch as the woman next door was known to be orgaless. After gasping once or twice, the amateur organist asked: "What does she want of it?" The child hadn't been loaded for this question, so she straightforwardly replied: "I don't know, I'm sure, only I heard mother tell father that if she had hold of that book for a day or two maybe somebody could get a rest. The woman softly shut the door in the little girl's face, and went and carefully locked the cabinet organ with a brass key.—Rockland Courier-Gazette.

of any kind for less than \$500 or \$1,000. The most difficult author to induce to write is T. B. Aldrich. He once received \$1,200 for a short poem in Harper's Magazine. His price is from \$300 to \$400 for a poem of a few verses."

JOHN RUSKIN—"impresses those who hear him most," says the Rev. Amory H. Bradford in the Christian Union, "as a man sometimes captious, sometimes cynical, sometimes grotesque, but always earnest, always intent on making things better than they are; a man who may make those near him uncomfortable because of his infirmities, but who will leave the world better than he found it because of his sincerity, his appreciation of the beautiful, and his power of putting into deathless words the visions which he has seen."

Profitable Scheme.

The Atlanta Constitution says: "The Louisiana State Lottery is a stupendous affair," said a prominent New Orleansian. "It is owned by a stock company with \$1,000,000 capital. This company has subtlet the lottery to another company for half the net profits. The half of the net profits have averaged since 1865 from \$400,000 to \$800,000 a year, making dividends on the million dollar stock of from 40 to 80 per cent. In seventeen years the lottery scheme has paid a clear profit of over \$20,000,000."

"How much of this goes to chari-
ty?"

"Just \$40,000 a year, which is paid to the Charity Hospital. This is included in the expense account."

"What does the lottery pay Beauregard and Early?"

"Each gets a salary of \$6,000 a year for watching the wheel turn once a month."

"The company pays its prices regu-
larly?"

"Yes; the capital prize of \$75,000 has been drawn three times in New Orleans—once by a man who squandered it, once by a man who put it in bonds and retired, and the last by a man whose name has never been disclosed. Most of the tickets are sold in the North."

VICTOR HUGO.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days,"
"A Family Affair," etc.

PART THE SECOND.

TOLD BY RICHARD FENTON, OF FRENCHAY,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

As my old friend Phil Brand has asked me to do this, I suppose I must. Brand is a right good fellow and a clever fellow, but full of crookedness of his own. The worst I know of him is that he has been up to his own way with me. This custom, as far as I am concerned, commenced years ago, when we were boys at school together, and I have never been able to break the bad habit of giving in to him. He has been up to his Queen's English is presentable, for, to tell the truth, I am more at home across country than across the ocean; and my dinner know the feel of the reins or the trigger belt or than that of the pia.

All the same I hope he won't take too many liberties with my style, but though it may be that Brand is apt to get well, a bit poor, to hear him on the subject of hard work and the sanctity thereof approaches the sublime!

What took me to the little God-forsaken village of Midcombe in the depth of winter is entirely beyond myself and my conscience.

The cause, having no bearing upon me, I need not tell you about it.

Now I only say that now I would not stay in such a place at such a time of the year for the sake of the prettiest girl in the world, let alone the bare chance of meeting her once or twice.

But one's ideas change; I am now a good bit older, ride some two stone heavier, and have been married ever so many years. Perhaps, after all, as I look back, I find myself for the first time as to endure for more than a fortnight all the discomforts heaped upon me in that little village inn.

A man who sojourns in such a hole as Midcombe must give some reason for doing so.

My ostensible reason was hunting. I had a hunting gun, and I used to go hunting in the neighborhood, so no one could accuse me of being a poacher.

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VICTOR HUGO.

No answer came to my first summons. It was not after a second and more impulsive application of my foot to the door-drawer that I heard a voice from within, "Come in." "Shush!" said the voice. "I can't get sheltered here, master," said a man's gruff voice. "This ain't an inn, so you'd best be off and go elsewhere."

"But I must come in," I said, astounded at such inhospitality; "I can't go a step further. Open the door at once!"

"You're hanged," said the man. "I'm no horse, and I can't give you shelter, here."

"But, you fool, I mean to pay you well for your trouble. Don't you know it means death wandering about on such a night as this? Let me in!"

"You won't come in here," was the brutal and boorish reply. The door closed.

That I was enraged at such incivility may be easily imagined; but if I said I was thoroughly frightened I believe no one would be surprised. As getting into that house meant a life and death to me, into the door I determined to get.

Now, whether I had mistaken the day, or whether the threatening fall of snow had made certain people change their minds, I don't know; but, to my annoyance and vexation, no skaters were to be seen, and, moreover, the unctuous white surface told me that none had been on the ground that morning. Still, however, I did not give up the idea of skating, and I put on my skates and a coat, and set out, with a heavy heart, to make the best of the weather.

But as there was no person in particular—in fact, no one at all—to note my powers, I soon got tired. It was, indeed, dreary, dreary work. But I waited and hoped until the snow came down so fast and furiously that I felt sure that waiting was in vain, and that I had driven to Lymore for nothing.

Back I went to the little inn, utterly disgusted with things in general, and feeling that to break some one's head would be a relief to me in my present state of mind. Of course, a sensible man would not be surprised. As getting into that house meant a life and death to me, into the door I determined to get.

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